

T H E
C E N S O R.
N U M B. I.

To be continued occasionally.

CONTAINING
Variety of CURIOUS MATTERS; proper to be
read by all Persons who have attended the
Haymarket or the *Piazza*.

WITH AN
EPISTOLARY DEDICATION
T O
ORATOR MACK---N.

By STEPHANUS SCRIBLERUS, Esq;
Brother to MARTINUS.

N. B. This has pass'd the Approbation of JERRY BUCK,
TIMOTHY CATCALL, and DEVIL DICK, all of
George's Coffee-House, Esquires, Professors of Criticism.

*Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus,
Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.*
HOR. de Art. Poet.

With all the Horrors of a desp'rate Muse,
The Learned and Unlearned he pursues.
But if he seize you, then the Torture dread,
He fastens on you till he reads you dead.

FRANCIS.

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DEDICATION

T O

ORATOR MACK--N.

SINCE the exalted Station you are in, must render you sufficiently conspicuous to the View of the World already, it may seem absurd in me perhaps, to make an Attempt, towards celebrating those Perfections, or pointing out those Merits which have raised you, with so much Ease, to such an Heighth of Dignity, and which still continue to support and adorn you in it.

Arduous, indeed, is the Task of that Man, who presumes to extol with praiseful Encomiums, your late extraordinary Undertaking. But as I am indebted to it for affording me various Hints in the Course of the following Essays, I could not in Gratitude be silent on this Occasion.

To proceed then :

In my Opinion, it is almost impossible at present, to fix the Standard of your Merits ; for as a blazing Comet is admired by some, dreaded by others, and cursed by a great many, even so it fares with your great Geniusses, which making their Appearance but now and then in

an Age, draw upon them, of Consequence, the Admiration, the Terror, and the Antipathy of the Spectators. Suppose then, some Historiographer, a Century or two hence, in the Reign of George the VIth. (for instance) should employ himself in writing a Detail of the memorable Events that distinguish the Annals of his present Majesty, I apprehend, at that Distance of Time, the Writer must be entirely divested of Prejudice and Partiality, and would (in all Likelihood) express himself in the ensuing Manner.

*" About this * Time flourished Orator
 " Mack—in, a Man, equally eminent for his
 " shining Abilities on the Stage, at the † Bar,
 " and in his publick Speaking-Room. At the
 " last of which Places, he instructed the Youth
 " of this Kingdom in universal Arts and
 " Sciences, and was the first that formed the
 " Mouths of Coblers, Barbers, and Appren-
 " tice-Boys, to vomit out a Cataract of Me-
 " taphors, Tropes, and Allegories. So that,
 " to the Erudition of this Great Man, it is
 " to be ascribed, that we are now a Nation
 " of Orators. He was no less remarkable
 " for his unaffected Piety, his singular Mo-
 " desty, and the ample Possession of those per-
 " sonal Qualifications, that give to elegant
 " Words the additional Charms of graceful
 " Air, and sweet Persuasion. Some Histo-
 " rians have the Confidence to deny him all these*

** Scil. In the 28th of George II.*

† I. e. Of his Coffee-House,

" noble

" noble Attributes, nay, they go further,
 " and assert, that, he was absolutely Inferior
 " in point of Eloquence to Cicero, Demo-
 " sthenes, or Quintilian. But Virgil had
 " his Bavius, Horace his Crispinus, Ho-
 " mer his Zoilus, and to prove that the
 " greatest Wits are least secure from Ca-
 " lumny, even Mack---in had his F---te.
 " And tho'tis notorious, how peculiarly excel-
 " lent he was in Tragedy, Comedy, Nature,
 " Virtue, Memory, Rhetorick and Wisdom,
 " yet, has this Carping * Antagonist disputed
 " his Title to all of these Perfections, nay, he
 " would have us believe, that so far from
 " excelling in any one of them, he was even
 " void of Common-Sense. Pity it is, that
 " high and low, rich and poor, living or
 " dead, we must all be obnoxious to the De-
 " traction of evil Tongues!

" I think the Picture Dr. Littleton has
 " (in his Dictionary) given us of Tully, will,
 " with some little Alterations, convey to Pos-
 " terity a true Idea of our illustrious British
 " Orator. Mack--in, the Father of Grub-
 " street Eloquence, the greatest Orator that
 " ever Hart-street bred or imployed. Nor
 " was he less to be admired in Philosophy,
 " witness his many Questions and Debates
 " of that kind upon several Subjects; wherein
 " he has highly asserted his great Abilities in
 " all Sorts of Learning; and has made it
 " manifest that the Depth and Compass of

" his Understanding, together with the Soli-
 " dity of his Judgment in Moral and Im-
 " moral Disquisitions, equalled the Powers of
 " that Inimitable Stile, he shewed him-
 " self Master of in his Orations. As for
 " the one, he made nobody his Pattern, so,
 " for the other, he applied himself principally
 " to the Study of Tom Thumb, and Jack
 " Hickathrift, &c. And, tho' no Stranger
 " to Henl---y and the rest, yet a Friend and
 " Follower of the Robin-Hood Society, 'tis
 " uncertain what Part of the World had the
 " Honour of his Birth. For, tho' England,
 " Scotland, and Ireland put in their several
 " Claims, yet Sam F---te has made it clear
 " almost to Demonstration, that he was a Na-
 " tive of the Cape, and lineally descended from
 " Hottentot Progenitors.

" But his Brandy and Porter, as soon as
 " he came to be taken Notice of at Covent-
 " Garden, so recommended him to the liking
 " of the Chairmen, that he was (without pre-
 " judice taken at his Birth) admitted into the
 " Inquisitorial Chair, and dictated Rules to
 " that * People, that governed the World.
 " And so well did he acquit himself in his
 " Inquisitorship, that he was honoured with
 " an Appellation, which surpasses all in-
 " ferior Titles whatever. He was by com-
 " mon Vote, stiled, the Father of Grub-street
 " Oratory.

" Pardon, Reader, the Length of this Dis-

* The British Senate.

“ course upon him, to whom thou owest the
 “ best Part of the Billingsgate Language,
 “ and in whose Orations, when thou arrivest
 “ once to delight, thou mayest take my Word
 “ for it, thou thyself art no small Proficient.
 “ Attend to his Lectures with Care, and thou
 “ wilt learn the whole Story of him as to his
 “ private Concerns, and the Affairs of the
 “ Theatres too, as they were managed in his
 “ Time.”

This and much more, some future Historian
 will probably remark, in Justice to your Cha-
 racter. And, who can say too much on so
 worthy a Subject !

Go on, Great Sir, with your usual Intre-
 pidity and Resolution, pursue the Path you
 have so happily entered upon, and I doubt not,
 but your Portico in Fame will rival that of
 ancient Athens ; and in after-times a Statue
 of Turnips shall rise in the Forum of Covent-
 Garden, to record to Link-boys yet unborn,
 the Name of Mack---in, the Actor, the Ora-
 tor, the Philosopher, the Wit, the Tapster, the
 Critic, the Satirist, the Inquisitor, the &c. &c.
 &c.

I am, S I R,

with profound Veneration,

your most humble,

and so forth,

STEPHANUS SCRIBLERUS.

"count upon him, to whom thou mayst be
"the Part of the halting Language
"and in whose Ornament, thou mayst find
"once to delight, thou mayst find my Word
"for it, thou thyself art no small Profit
"attend to his Lectures with Care, and thou
"will learn the whole Story of him as to his
"private Conduct, and the Affairs of the
"Church, as they were managed in his
"Time."

"This and much more, from future History
"will probably remark, in Justice to your Cha-
"racter, and who can say too much or too
"little of a Saint?"

"Go on, Great Sir, with your usual Inter-
"esting and Relating, for the Part you
"have so happily entered upon, and I should not
"but your Portico in Rome will stand, that of
"ancient Athens; and in other times a Statue
"of Turnip shall rise in the Forum of Covent-
"Garden, to record to Lambeth yet unborn,
"the Name of Mack--in the Actor, the Orn-
"ament, the Philosopher, the Law, the Teacher, the
"Great, the Saint, the Indulgent, the Good, the
"Great."

I am, Sir,

with profound Veneration,

Your most humble,

and so forth.

STEPHANUS SCRIBERUS

T H E
C E N S O R.

WHEN I first heard that a Writ of Enquiry was intended to be executed by Mr. F----- on the *Covent-Garden Orator*, I suspected instantaneously, that the whole Affair was nothing more or less than a concerted Scheme between them. I'll mention on what Reasons this Suggestion was grounded. *Imprimis*, I have ever remarked, that, no one thing is so likely to allure the Notice of the Publick as personal Satire, or Attacks on private Characters.

I know not whence it is, but tho' we each of us tremble at the Lash ourselves, we cannot help rejoicing, when we see it fall with Severity on our Neighbours.

Our Actions, Passions, and Affections, seem directed by Nature to the Pursuit and Attainment of our own particular Happiness, and we too often seek it amidst the Miseries of our Fellow-creatures.

It is no unusual thing, for a Duel betwixt two Dogs, in the Streets of *London*, to attract an innumerable Concourse of People.

B

Nay,

Nay, some for the meer Sake of Entertainment and Diversion, have frequently set these Animals together by the Ears, to worry one another.

A Dedication penned in all the Elegance of Diction, illustrated with the happiest Turn of Thought, and strictly limited within the Bounds of Truth, shall nevertheless be toss'd aside with Contempt, as a Piece of fulsome Panegyrick, and a Medley of Nonsense and Adulation.

At the same Time, let the most stupid Composition, be but well imbued with Treason, or it's venomous Point but aimed at the Reputation of some unfortunate Individual; however void it be of Reason, Truth, and Justice, it shall however be perused from Beginning to End, with infinite Satisfaction.

When the Tribe of periodical Writers had made this Discovery (which requires not much Experience to detect) they speedily began to reduce it to Practice, and fell to slashing and cutting one another most unmercifully. They display'd particular Persons in the most glaring Light, and brought out their secretest Failings to the View of the World.

* A certain Author turned this Weapon against his own Bosom, and many I'm told,

* The *Inspector*, in a Paper call'd the *Impertinent*, written with his own Hand, was extremely satirical upon his own sweet self, and some two or three Days after the Publication
of

told, have done the same with tolerable Success.

Who is there but knows, that *Harry W---d's* Letter to the *Inspector*, passed through more than one or two Impressions.

Opposition and Slander, or Defamation, are the Favourite Source of Pleasure to too many of us, and from the Rout and Teatable near St. *James's*, to the Gin-shop, and Porter-house at *Hockley in the Hole*, Censure appears to be the darling Amusement of the Age.

When the grand Contest happened between the two Theatres, what could have possibly tended more to the mutual Interest of the Managers than keeping it up? They did so for a Month or two, and the Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, tho' acted often, prior to, and since that lucky Period to empty Benches, was then however by cunningly supporting an apparent Spirit of Opposition, perform'd successfully for 60 Nights to crowded Audiences.

This I have recited as an Instance of the Force of Opposition.

As to the other moving Principle, Defamation, let us suppose *A. B.* and *C. D.* who have exhibited with midling Applause for some Years on the Stage, to be at length on

of it, he complained of the Virulence with which his Name was treated in the *Impertinent*, and informed us with well dissembled Astonishment, that the whole Impression sold off in a few Hours.

some Account or other discharged, and refused Admittance upon either Theatre. *A. B.* after many fruitless Essays to support himself, by opening a Coffee-house, Tavern, and Gaming-table, starts up all on a sudden in a new Kind of Profession, stiles it an Inquisition, and denouncing open War particularly against the Managers of the two Theatres, sets them, and every Body, and every Thing, at Defiance.-----At the first Advertisement the whole Body of Critics fly to the Scene of Action. But the Novelty of the Thing, (which is the only Recommendation it has) gradually decreasing, the Assembly thins apace.

What's now to be done? his intimate Friend and Acquaintance *C. D.* is not yet provided for.-----Here then follows the dernier Effort. Mr. *A. B.* with the free Will, Privity, and Consent, and probably at the earnest Instigation of *C. D.* gives out, that on such a Night, he the Inquisitor, will call to a severe Account at his Tribunal, the said *C. D.* by whom he pretends to have been grossly abused, and will then and there most faithfully scrutinize the Character and Person of poor *C. D.* and after due Castigation deliver him up to the Ridicule of the Publick. The Plot takes, and his Benches groan beneath the Multitude of the Spectators. Once more we behold him in a flourishing Situation, and what remains, but that *C. D.* at a convenient Place and Season, do repel the Assault
of

of his Friend *A. B.* And thus by artfully playing the Cards into the Hands of each other, who doubts but they'll make the Game sure, and come off equal Winners on both Sides; and all this, without the least Injury to their Reputation, which will still remain in *statu quo*, and neither higher nor lower in the Opinion of their Countrymen than before they began.

This innocent and profitable Way of cutting Throats, this peaceful Warfare, is quite a *Deceptio visus*, and of very modern Invention, and I think (for some reason, I know not what,) it has obtain'd the Appellation of Humbugg.

I remember a Story somewhat pertinent to the present Case.

Two Sharpers (whose Names have long since been buried in Oblivion) very intimate Friends, met one Day by Accident in the Street, and tipping the Wink, disputed with great apparent Warmth and Vehemence for the Wall, at last they drew out their Weapons and a Mock-conflict ensued; at that Instant, a numerous Congregation of Passengers interposed, and with Difficulty parted them. However, the Combatants found means to disengage themselves, and ran away with great Precipitation one after the other, their Swords still unsheathed, a Host of People were soon at their Heels, and after a tedious Pursuit from Street to Street, till at length they had gain'd the Fields, the
Cham-

Champions were seen to jump down at once into a Saw-pit. The Crowd redoubled their Speed; but how great was their Surprize and Indignation, when on arriving at the Brink, they beheld them not in the Posture of Fencing Masters, but with their Backs turn'd to each other, easing Nature with great Calmness and Composure.

This seems to be a parallel Case to that in Hand, at least in one Respect; for the many foul and sordid Things which have fallen from one of our now-contending Heroes, carry with them the Savour and Semblance of nauseous Excrement.

I beg the Reader's Pardon, for exciting, perhaps, disagreeable Ideas to his Imagination, and shall dispatch this Subject, which, upon serious Consideration, I must own is hardly worth throwing away a single Thought upon.

I proceed next to celebrate a Personage, who highly deserves Encouragement from the Publick. I mean the *Inquisitor's Orchestra*. This Gentleman personates the Nightingale, the Blackbird, the Thrush, and Variety of other the feathered Choristers, with so exquisite Skill and Nature, that did not the Eye undeceive us, he might very well pass on the Ear for each of those Creatures he attempts to imitate.

I think it would be for the general Advantage of the Nation, to establish an Academy of *Human-Singing-Birds*, under the Tutorage

rage and Erudition of this Artist, and that for divers good Reasons.

'Tis notorious, with what prodigious Expence many of us purchase Birds of the above mentioned Denominations, which barbarously depriving of their Liberty, we imprison in a Cage, there solitarily to languish out their Lives, barred for ever from the Fruition of those Blessings allotted them by Providence. Under all the Pangs of Slavery, they are expected to assume a Chearfulness foreign to their Inclinations, and divert us with their melancholly Complaining. Who would not rather hear the lively and spirited Warblers, hopping free and unrestrain'd from Spray to Spray, pour out their little Souls in Songs of Gratitude to that Being, who gave them to rove through the unlimited Space of Air, who gave them to enjoy the Bliss of innocent Freedom without Controul?

Besides, when stern and gloomy Winter robs them of their verdant Bowers, while the Earth is disrobed of her gay Attire, they abandon their Notes, and indulge their Woes in secret Haunts. The Harmony of the Woods is at an End, and sullen Silence sits brooding upon the Boughs.

But their Absence will be well supply'd, if my Scheme should take Effect.

I therefore repeat, and most humbly offer my Proposal for erecting an Academy, (which may speedily be done by Subscription)

to be under the Care and Regulation of this great Artift. I fhall beg leave to hint a few of the many Benefits which will accrue from fuch a Seminary ; that any Lady or Gentleman who is fond of Singing-Birds, may, for a moderate Sum, be at Liberty to fend a Footman, a Son, or Daughter, to be instructed in this Science. And as moft People differ in their Choice of Birds, for fome prefer the Lark or Owl to the Blackbird, and others the Owl to Blackbird or Lark, the Scholars will here have Opportunity, only raifing the Premium, to make themfelves Mafters of all the feveral Tunes he is capable of teaching. Thus, exclusive of the Attendance and Labour every Mafter receives from his Servant, he will over and above, and for a trifling Gratuity, have the Benefit of being entertained with the ravifhing Modulations of any or all of thefe feather'd Songfters, at all Times and Seasons of the Year, and whether the Woods are apparelled with Verdure, or involved in Snow, it will make no manner of Difference with refpect to thefe domeftic Singing-Birds.

There is a fhort Interlude, compofed and fet to Mufick by himfelf, which this Gentleman has performed with great Applaufe.

The *Dramatis Perfonæ* are a Cur, a Maftiff, and half a Dozen Cats, Male and Female.

The Moral inculcated throughout this little Piece, I conceive to be this : It tends to

to shew the Perils and Distresses that generally await on Midnight Amours, especially when they are carried on with too little Circumspection. The Lovers are surprized in *ipso facto*, and Animosities, Heart-burnings, Wounds and Bloodshed, are the Consequence. It may also serve to demonstrate the fatal End of all Family Broils and Quarrels :

*From Civil Feuds what Noise and Discord
flow !*

Whate'er the Cause, the sure Effect is Woe !

It also makes good that notable Hypothesis of Ovid,

Militat omnis amans.

Or in plain *English*, Caterwawling and Clapperclawing are inseparable Companions.

And now having finished all I have to say in relation to this extraordinary Genius, I shall leave my academical Scheme to be digested and debated by the Reader, and present him next with a curious Relation, which is just now fallen into my Hands.

An Account of the Dissection of the *Inquisitor-General* (who was lately executed for the inhuman Murder of *Common-Sense*) Dr. S—l F—e, Professor of Anatomy, &c. having previously advertised his Intention of dissecting the Criminal, and having convened the honourable the *Robin-Hood* Society for
C that

that Purpose, proceeded to the Operation, in Presence of some hundred Spectators, and the following is the Sum of their Observations.

In Expectation of meeting with something uncommon, and worthy our Speculation, we first of all opened the Head of the Deceased: The Cavity of which, upon Inspection, bore a strict Resemblance in every Particular to that of a Calf, and differing from the latter in one Circumstance alone, *viz.* That after carefully prying with our Microscopes into the minutest Corners, and ransacking every Cell, we were not able to discern the least Atom of Brain, nor did it appear that any had been ever lodged therein. There was indeed in one Apartment of it, contiguous to the Occiput, a strange Substance, a kind of *rudis & indigesta moles*, a Chaos of various Compositions, but so intermixed and blended together, that there was no Possibility of reducing it to the Form of any thing we had ever seen, read, or heard of before. We met with no small Difficulty in attempting to penetrate the Compages of the Skull, which was of an incredible Thickness; and the Sinciput in particular was fortified as it were by Nature, with a hard Concretion, much resembling a Lamina or Plate of Brass.

Finding nothing more remarkable about the *vertex capitis*, we tended gradually downwards, and arriving at his Mouth, perceived

ceived the Tongue was fastened by an almost imperceptible Membrane, and so slightly, that we imagine he must have been frequently subject to what is termed a *Lapsus lingue*.

Underneath it we found a small Vesica or Bag, containing a black and fetid Liquor, which was occasionally discharged during the Party's Life, by the means of a slender Tube that extended to the Tip. We had the Curiosity to search for the Fountain-Head from whence this Reservoir was supply'd, and we afterwards proposed to discover, if possible, the Nature, Properties, and Use of the Liquor.

Accordingly we pursued the Meatus of the several Ducts which branched from it, and found they all terminated in two principal Canals, one of which had immediate Communication with the Gall, the other with the Heart of the Criminal.

The Gall was impregnated with about half a Pint of the Liquor, which upon a chymical Analysis, proved to be a kind of Menstruum more specifically corrosive than *Aqua Fortis*. The most extraordinary Discovery was owing to an Accident. I had deposited a small Quantity, well secured (as I thought) in a Vessel hermetically sealed, on the highest Shelf in my Library, and in the Neighbourhood of a small Bust of *Shakespeare*, of inimitable Workmanship, and a true Likeness to that great Original, intending to reserve it there for future Experiments. But unluckily,

by the Strength and Malignity of the Poison, the Vessel burst into a thousand Pieces, and I beheld with Regret the unfortunate Bard bespattered from Head to Foot in such a Manner, that he was totally dissimilar from what he had been but two Hours before. Not a Feature, or Member of him but was maimed and disfigured. Amongst my Books poor *Milton* was the greatest Sufferer. The whole Episode relating to the Pandæmonium (which I always have thought the finest Piece of Poetry ever wrote) was near effaced, and the few undemolished Periods that escaped the common Ruin, were so confused and dilacerated, with that damnable Fluid, that I had much a-do to make Sense of them.

But to return from this Digression, after entering our Instruments at the Pericardium, we developed the Heart, and altho' the outward and visible Texture seem'd to promise us a Firmness and Solidity within, yet upon opening it, we found a meer *tumulum inane*, all was false and hollow. It served to inclose only a small Mass of putrid and corrupt Matter, which reeked with such an intolerable Stench, that we were obliged to desist from the Operation; and as nothing more material occurred to us, we have thought proper to submit the above Particulars to the Perusal, and Animadversion of the Publick.

As by the preceding Account, it appears
the

the original *Inquisitor* was executed ; and it became necessary of Course for a Person of *equal Capacity* to be elected his Successor : Two Gentlemen accordingly offered themselves as Candidates, and were summoned to appear at *Momus's Court* in the *Hay-Market*, on *Friday* the 27th of this instant *December*, then and there to plead respectively their Right and Title to the Office ; and the following is a Summary of the Proceedings that Evening, and a few Annotations are subjoin'd by my Brother *Martinus Scriblerus*.

The several Orations of *Richard R-----k L-----M.** and *Tiddy Doll*, Esquire, Haberdasher of Ginger - bread, joint Competitors for the inquisitorial Chair, the same being vacant by the Death of the late Orator *Sbylock*.

The Doctor being ushered into the Box, called or known by the Name of the *Flesh-Box*, cloathed in † black Raiment, and ornamented with † Weepers, surveyed the Company a while, and then with a horrible Smile thus harangued the Audience.

* *Licentiatuſ Medicinæ*. But Mr. *Tiddy Doll* expounded it thus, Leg-maker ; and insinuates that his Brother Orator originally serv'd St. *Bartholomew's* Hospital in that Occupation.

† † I have more than once taken Notice, that your Empiricks pay so much Regard to the Memory of the unhappy Wretches sacrificed to their Nostrums, as to invest themselves in a full Suit of Black. And some of this murd'rous Fraternity who have tolerable good Business, but more particularly this Gentleman, are never out of Mourning.

Ladies

Ladies and Gentlemen,

From *Moorfields* to *Drury-Lane*, not a Square, Market, Court, or Alley, but does Honour to my Name.

Between * *Clapum* and *P----ball*, there stands not a *P---ng Post*, but bears Testimony of my vast Abilities.

'Tis true, I do not pretend to be a Smatterer in the *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and *Irish* Languages. In these perhaps the late Inquisitor might have some trivial Preheminence; but I can speak *English*, which he could never do, in this, then, I have the Advantage.

Besides as to Disquisitions, and Impositions, and all that Stuff; I may, without Impeachment of my Modesty, affirm myself to be perfectly capable of Reading Lectures, and on certain particular *Things*, which Lectures would *infalibly* tend to the Emolument, not only of the whole Publick, but even to the most *private Parts* of the Community. I say more, much more to the Emolument of every *Member* of both *Sexes*, than all the elaborate Declamations of Orator *Sbylock*.

It would be the Interest of many Thousands, nay (if I may judge from the external Figure of the Man) of Mr. *Inquisitor*

* A Pun of the Doctor's on the Word *Clapham*, which after consulting the most skillful Geographers, I have discovered to be a Village at a small Distance from Town.

† *Quasi. Vaux-ball*, a Place well known to every Body in *London*.

himself

himself (were he still in being) to attend to my *Doctrine*. And I make no doubt, but the Senate, the Bar, the Stage, and the Pulpit too, might draw most *wholsome* and *sound* Instruction from it.

I shall not *keep* this Subject any *longer* in *Hand*, at present, unless to mention one Circumstance, and that is, as the Ancients in Days of Yore, had various and learned Disputations *περὶ τὸ ὅλον*, or about the *Whole*; so on the contrary, the Text of mine will be, *περὶ τὰ μέρη*, or about the *Parts* of the *Whole*.

I will now take my Leave of this good Company, and withdraw to my Station on *Ludgate-Hill*, hoping the Favour of their Custom, and closing what I have premised with this Couplet of my own making.

*Since Dunciad Shylock fain would rule the
Roast,
The Post assign'd him be,----- a hanging
Post.*

DIXI.

Next from the opposite Side of the Theatre arose the thrice renowned *Tiddy Doll*, Esquire, who was pleas'd to utter himself to this Effect.

R E-

R E C I T A T I V O

*I am the Famous Tiddy Doll, behold
What Multitudes admire me, young and
old !*

A I R.

*I'm circled with People
As I stand by Bow-Steeple,
I open the Purses,
Of School-boys and Nurses,
Of Fathers and Mothers,
And Sisters and Brothers.
See around me they flock,
F——te, M——lin, and R——k,
And swift as an Arrow,
Run all to my Barrow.
I'll sell ye no Lotion,
Drops, Corn-Salve, or Potion,
Nor with Hock and Moselle,
Send ye packing to H——ll.*

R E C I T A T I V O.

*Come buy, my Friends, without Remorse or
Dread,
'Tis I, that sell the famous Gingerbread.*

A I R.

A I R.

*For superior Wit and Sense,
For superior Eloquence,
Happier Voice, and Mien, and Air,
Be mine the Inquisitorial Chair.*

R E C I T A T I V O.

*To me the Tapster, and the Quack must yield,
Be mine the Chair, Huzza! I've won the
Field.*

G R A N D C H O R U S.

*Sing, Toll Diddy Doll
Doll Tiddy Toll,
Sing, Toll de rol Loll
Toll Doll Tiddy Doll.*

After this Cantata, both the Candidates at the Request of *Momus*, retired behind the Scenes, in order to re-enter in the *St. Giles's* Ovation.

I suppose the Reader, has been a Spectator of the *Roman* Solemnity lately introduced in the Tragedy of *Coriolanus*.

But it is very possible, his Curiosity may not have carried him to see the *British* Ovation, which for the Pomp and Order of the Ceremony, together with the Dignity of the Persons who marched in Procession, is by no means inferior to the *Roman*.

It was conducted, as well as I can recollect, in the following Manner.

D

First,

*First, Buckhorse and Casey, bearing two Links,
led the Van.*

They were followed by four Blacksmiths, supporting the Insignia of *Hart-Street*, being square Pieces of painted Canvass displayed on Mopsticks; upon each was a Motto inscribed. Amongst the rest was his Highness the *Inquisitor's* Coat of Arms thus described in Heraldry; three Spigots and Faucets pendant, in a Field Sable, and underneath this Device,

Coming Sir.

A Brace of Oyfterwomen followed, strewing the Way with Straw (instead of Flowers) which are not to be got this Month of *December*, for Love or Money.

The Motion of their Hands was regulated by a Concert of eight Marrow-Bones and Cleavers, which played an occasional March called *Bow-Bells*.

Next came four Vocal Performers (*viz.*) two Ladies from *Billinggate*, in their proper Robes, each proceeding slowly by the Side of her respective Spouse, in the Habit of a Scavanger, chaunting alternately in doleful Strains, that venerable Ditty entitled,

The Children in the Wood.

Six Chimney-Sweepers of different Sizes, accompanied the Recitative, with the Broom and Scraper.

The

The Genius of *Grubstreet*, represented under the Form, and in the Habiliments of a Cinder-Wench; next, with a stately and majestic Pace, advanced, and was attended by her chief Musician Signior *Crowdero* (the same mentioned in *Hudibras*) who has the Misfortune to want an Eye and a Leg; but yet, on an Instrument, made like our Fiddles, with three Strings of Cat-gut, seemed ambitious of entertaining his Mistress with a Solo, called,

Alley Croaker.

Dr. R—ck, supporting with his Left-hand a Figure (which had an odd Compound of the *Jew* and the *Hottentot* in his Physiognomy, and undoubtedly was intended as Representative of the *Inquisitor-General*) followed the chief Musician. His Highness the *Inquisitor's* Train, was carried by his Page, a young Shoe-black.

Mr. *Tiddy-Doll*, with a Vessel of enormous Dimensions, flowing to the Brim with that delicious and celestial Liquor, Porter, brought up the Rear.

His Highness, after tenderly embracing his Patroness, the Queen of *Grubstreet* (for he is one of her favourite Sons) received her sincerest Approbation on account of his Investiture with the Office of *President of the Dunciads*. And she was pleased, amongst other Compliments, to assure him, with great Truth, That Nature had most peculiarly adapted

adapted him in Mind and Body for that Office; and that she was certain, no one whatever of his Cotemporaries, could become it in every Respect so well as his Highness.

His Highness then seating himself on a Joint-Stool, between the two Candidates, *Momus* dismiss'd us with this humourous Travestie on *Jack Dryden's* Epigram.

*Three Orators, in three different Ages born,
Fleet-ditch, Moor-fields, and Hart-street
did adorn.*

*The first, in Noise and Ignorance surpass'd;
The next, in Impudence; in both, the last.
The Force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.*

Valete & plaudite.